

GENERAL LITERARY  
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# The Citizen

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# The Citizen

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## Life and Education.

THE only guarantee of good municipal government is the vigilant self-interest of the members of the community. No amount of education in the duties of citizenship can replace the direct interest which citizens are compelled to take in civic administration, when that administration has to care for widespread civic affairs. Two of the vital departments of municipal government are street-railway transit and the furnishing of light. One of these Philadelphia has already put into private hands, with a result that the citizens, in spite of certain compensation, have most inadequate facilities of transportation at maximum rates—rates that are extravagantly high compared with those of certain American cities, and compared with the rates of England and Germany, are extortionate. The projected lease of the gas works of Philadelphia will, if consummated, surrender the second great guarantee of good municipal government, and that largely to magnates of the traction company. In the light of the history of the gas works of Philadelphia, which we publish in another column, it is clear that we can worry along for some years longer under municipal management. With the increasing interest that is being aroused in municipal affairs, we can look forward for relief from the political vultures that prey upon civic administrations, and when that relief comes we may rationally hope that Philadelphia may in some measure resemble Glasgow, where, under municipal management, gas is furnished at 60 cents per 1000 feet, and passengers are transported at an average rate of a cent and two-thirds.

THE mayoralty contest in New York City has maintained its extraordinary interest, and its result will remain uncertain until the votes are counted. There is a registration of 567,488, indicating a vote of only twenty thousand less than in the national election of last year. Three hundred thousand of these votes are within the present city of New York, twelve thousand in Staten Island, and the remainder in Brooklyn and Queens County. In the latter part of the campaign public attention has centred to a large extent in Brooklyn, where both President Low and General Tracy are well known and personally popular. There, if anywhere, the regular Republican candidate must make good the heavy losses which are caused by the revolt

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in Manhattan and the Bronx against the domination of Mr. Platt. But although Brooklyn has had no direct experience with the machines of Mr. Platt and Mr. Croker, there is no reason to suppose that the Brooklyn voter will sacrifice in this campaign, where it is pre-eminently in place, his well-earned reputation for independence and political insight. There would seem to be no possibility of the election of General Tracy. If the labor vote of Greater New York were behind Henry George, as in the contest of 1886, he would be the most formidable rival of the Citizens' Union. But there is much factional disturbance among the followers of Mr. George, and Seth Low himself is personally popular among the leaders of organized labor. Moreover, many of those who shout enthusiastically for George and his aggressive assertion of the doctrines of "personal liberty," "opposition to bossism, landlordism, and paternalism," are really doubtful of his ability to serve in a responsible executive capacity. If the issue were between one machine and the people who oppose boss rule, it would be decided overwhelmingly in favor of the latter. The opportunity to "down" both machines is even more inspiring, though of course more difficult, since the contest has thrown into the camp of those who fight the righteous battle of reform a party of social revolutionists who are honestly opposed to Tammany under its present absentee leadership, but who have little in common with the Citizens' Union. There are hardly enough of these discontented Democrats to win an election, notwithstanding their huge and enthusiastic mass meetings, but there are enough of them to imperil Tammany's otherwise good chance of winning against a divided enemy. At the present writing, it would appear that, in spite of the unexpected complications of the past month, the real struggle has narrowed down to a contest between the Citizens' Union on the one side, aided by the candidacy of Henry George, and on the other Tammany Hall, aided by the organization of the Republicans. But both party organizations have a strong hold in all parts of the city, and it may yet be found that even the double revolt has not loosened it. The 'New York Herald' has been much ridiculed for its inability to choose among the four candidates, but even those who have no hesitancy in choosing a candidate, and who would have had no difficulty in forecasting an ordinary election, are equally at sea with the 'Herald' as to the outcome of this unique contest.

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THE value of careful and patient study of facts as a corrective of sweeping judgments and unripe generalizations concerning social ques-

tions is clearly seen in the work of governmental labor bureaus. To this is due their extension from the United States to Europe. In their infancy, the possibilities of these organs were only vaguely understood. Practical politicians discerned the growing force of the labor movement and its inevitable intrusion into the political arena. They were moved, in the language of current politics, to "do" something for labor. From a partisan standpoint the most inoffensive thing which can be "done" for a new question is to order an official investigation. But to show the solicitude of the politician for the weal of the working classes it seemed necessary to establish for the dear workingman, as had been done for the dear farmer, permanent organs of investigation. In this manner have arisen the labor bureaus of the United States, and in the presence of the growing demands of labor and the consequent increasing perplexity of legislation, European nations have been quick to perceive the utility of such organs and to copy them. In rapid succession we have seen the creation of labor bureaus in Switzerland, Belgium, France, and Great Britain. Party expediency cannot furnish a basis for permanent political institutions, though it is rarely absent in their creation. A higher purpose of the public welfare must always be discernible, however clouded by party interest, to insure success. Wherever there has been a fair measure of sincerity in the establishment of labor bureaus, they have taken firm root and rendered signal service to the state. When they have taken their task seriously, their results have been excellent. They have facilitated the understanding of the real labor problem. They have confounded the false prophets of labor, while the professional agitator has lost his grip. The laboring classes, by means of them, have been better able to understand their real situation and its needs, while the public listens with a more sympathetic ear to their just reclamations when supported by the statistics of responsible departments of the public service. A recent report of the youngest of the more important bureaus, the Labor Department of the English Board of Trade, is an excellent type of the services of these institutions. This report shows the gradual improvement in the condition of the working classes, both in wages and in the hours of labor. American investigations all tend in the same way. It has been the contention in all ages of those who deemed themselves oppressed, that their condition was growing worse. We may well rejoice that such is not the case with the laboring classes in general, without blinding ourselves to the fact that their condition may be far from enviable, and without ceasing our efforts for its elevation. That such efforts have become

in recent years more practical, that they seek to meet real needs and not to combat imaginary evils, is in no small measure due to the careful and painstaking efforts of the more important bureaus of labor.

COMMON school education which once was thought to afford the average child full and sufficient instruction as a preparation for life and citizenship has ceased to be the ideal goal of popular education. The patent fact of the insufficiency of common school education, when the average child must leave school at the age of fourteen, has compelled thoughtful men and women to consider the problem of the education of the youth of the community forced to spend their days in offices, shops, and factories, and of adults called upon to exercise the duties of parentage and citizenship, for whom the education of the common schools has furnished in the average only the most elementary means of knowledge. The virtual darkness and poverty of thought, the hopeless monotony, that characterize the life of the great masses of people under the present industrial system, have impressed upon educational institutions and upon the educated classes of the community in general the gravity of their responsibility. Without taking Carlyle's extreme view that it is for us that their bodies are bent, for us their minds darkened, our duty of help towards the less instructed of the world is nevertheless obvious and pressing. To reach the great mass of the community helpfully is the problem of education more important, more imminent than that of adding to knowledge or raising the culture of classes already educated. It is often held that the laboring classes do not desire self-improvement. If this be so, it will be remembered that it was the greatest stigma of slavery that the slaves were often contented. But the experience of England, the experience of great cities of America, is that there exists among the people a desire for knowledge of themselves, of the history and politics of their country, of their literature and of other lands. If the people do not desire self-improvement, how shall we account for the marvelous development of the free lecture system of the board of education of New York City? During the past season there have been given in the public schools and halls of that city, sometimes in courses accompanied with syllabus, a thousand lectures to half a million hearers. The plan of work of the season now beginning calls for twelve hundred sessions and one hundred and fifty lecturers. The educational character of these lectures is to be still further developed, so that in many cases they will approach what may seriously be called university extension lectures. They will in many instances be given in courses

outlined and guided by syllabus and followed by open discussions. In view of this practical systematic effort to arouse the interest and self-activity of the people, it may be well said that no movement of the educated classes in the direction of the instruction and happiness of the community is more worthy of commendation, more likely to be followed with permanent educational result. So far from the people not wanting instruction, it is a truth of life that if humanity can see the good it must in the long run from its nature love it. Else were the progress of the race which we all believe in the mere dream of a visionary.

How to reach educationally this general public ready for self-improvement is a great problem, to some a problem of making money, to others a problem of philanthropic effort. The air is full of schemes and rumors of schemes—correspondence colleges, culture clubs, home-study associations, world universities. Methods are numerous and magazines to advocate them. Of the older permanent organizations the Chautauqua reading circles are probably the best known and most influential. On a more serious basis stands the plan of work on which the American Society for the Extension of University Teaching operates,—a plan which has been developed from the tried system of the Oxford and Cambridge Societies of University Extension, and which has furnished the model for the systems of university extension of the universities of Chicago, Wisconsin, the State of New York, Rutgers, and other colleges, and has been adopted for all the more thorough courses of lectures now offered by the New York board of education. It is universally admitted by those who have witnessed most success in the education of the public that the touchstone of any true system of education is the earnestness of its effort to encourage systematic study and reading on the part of the public addressed, to direct that study and reading so that individual effort may be guided at the same time that it is stimulated. Indeed, only the individual who is roused to the effort of self-improvement is permanently benefited, he alone is able to gain the intellectual salvation of a growing mind. Hence, lectures which hearers attend without preparation and leave without guidance cannot be regarded as permanently beneficial. Indeed, delivered sporadically by university men, they often stand in the way of genuine educational effort. They presume to extend university teaching, they often appropriate the name of it. The public, led to expect guidance and stimulus from university extension receive none from this semblance of it. The hungry sheep look up and are not fed.



### Carlyle's Prentice Hand.

Genius is so rare that all manifestations of it deserve to be studied, even when the results obtained are purely negative. Such can be the only justification of those who have raked out the early essays of Carlyle from among the other "fossil bodies" in 'Brewster's Encyclopædia,' and of those who presume to write articles upon those articles. The sumptuous form in which these essays reappear in a recent volume of Messrs. Gowan & Son and the Lippincott Company, with their foreword from Mr. Crockett, cannot but awaken in our minds a painful surmise. Carlyle's own opinion of their literary value is no secret, and what he would probably say to the worshipful publishers and foreworder about giving to the world what he withheld, if he met them in the pale twilights of Elysium, is one of those things over which humanity willingly draws a veil.

For the poor scholar, the transition period between leaving the university and finding his profession or life-work is anything but pleasant. For Carlyle it was purgatory. With him, "getting under way" meant not only sick heart and hope deferred, but the exasperating consciousness of most uncommon powers going to waste. It was in the midst of this sad time that he obtained an alms of work from Brewster, who gave an old student something to do to keep body and soul together. One of Carlyle's first references to this occupation occurs in a long epistolary growl to his friend Mitchell in March, 1820, where he complains that "compiling the wretched lives of Montesquieu, Montagu, Montaigne, etc., for Dr. Brewster—the remuneration will hardly sustain life." To judge from the allusions in his 'Early Letters,' this part of the work (all the M's) was done in March and April, 1820, and the material for the N's (Necker and Nelson) was taken home to be worked up leisurely during the summer at Mainhill. All these together amount in bulk to about one-third of the articles now rescued from Brewster; to the latter his printed letters do not allude. The articles on Nelson and Necker were not required for six months, and naturally those lower down in the alphabet would come much later. The last of the series is on the younger Pitt.

At the time of writing these articles, Carlyle was not a mere lad. He was twenty-five years of age and unusually mature in mind; but he had not as yet really found himself or perfected his distinctive style. Every one remembers Macaulay's heresy about the superiority of the Cockney prentice to Scott and Robertson. Lately some admirer of Stevenson has set a counter-paradox going, to the effect that a Scot, by reason of his unfamiliarity with English, writes the language better when he really gives

his mind to the task than the sophisticated Southron. The latter view receives no support from an examination of Carlyle's apprentice work. The Johnsonian tradition was perhaps stronger in Edinburgh in Carlyle's day than anywhere else; and though he read largely in the great literature then making, he evidently held by Johnson as a model writer. He might have done worse; but, as a matter of fact, he did better. In his 'Early Letters,' so admirably selected and edited by Professor Norton, two styles are apparent: the first, Johnsonian, chill, constrained, and formal, for mere acquaintances; the second, the genuine Carlyle, hearty, free, and fluid, for family and friends. Naturally he would use the first in his early efforts for the press; but by degrees, as he gained confidence, and saw how Richter made such peculiarities as his own a most effective vehicle of expression, he let himself go, and enriched English literature by a style recognized at last as various, powerful, and his own. Not for ten years was he to begin 'Sartor Resartus,' but the germs of Carlylese are to be found long before. Those interested in the embryology of style will find parallels to the most vivid and characteristic purple patches in 'Sartor' scattered with a free hand throughout the 'Early Letters.' The vignettes of Edinburgh and St. Paul's, the adventure of Waugh and the *meer-swine*, the old *ouvrier* in the Morgue, the characterization of 'Wilhelm Meister,' or the Birmingham iron works, show how effective his native style could be; but in the Brewster articles there is no such putting forth of genial power. All is highly proper and undeniably dull.

It is interesting to see how dull Carlyle could be. At the very time that he was pouring out his full heart to father, mother, brothers, friends, scattering the coin of a poet's imagination in unconsidered largess upon forgotten Mitchells and Johnstones, he compiles articles that could have been written just as well by a hundred other stickit ministers or village dominies. The style is absolutely frozen. Even in writing of Pitt and Nelson, only five years after that world-earthquake Waterloo, he felt not the slightest stir of patriotic pride, and he closes the article on the great admiral with a prophecy which time has completely falsified. The best parts of this contribution are the quotations from Southey. The "wise (sic), determinate *sagacity* of judgment," the "accents of ironic scorn" which Mr. Crockett discovers in such of the essays as he admits having read, must be set down to the notorious Scottish prejudice in favor of a countryman. To the cooler cis-Atlantic judgment these qualities are simply not there.

It is cheering to think that the hours Carlyle spent in the Advocates' Library in gather-

ing material for these articles were not spent in vain. For example, he has to write about Norfolk, and he reads conscientiously the 'Beauties of England and Wales,' vol. XI, Kent's 'View,' and Young's 'Farmer's Tour.' He discovers that Norfolk is celebrated for its turkeys, that they are driven to market in herds, and he compiles a stiff paragraph on the topic. After ten years of an Odyssey of the heart, he has set about writing a work of genius, and is closing a jesting chapter with the mournful turn which marks the humor of Northern races, when he recalls a long-disused and insignificant fact. At once, with the touch of genius, he transforms the poor, sordid thing into a magic-mirror of human life. "O my friends, we are (in Yorick Sterne's words) but as 'turkeys driven, with a stick and red clout, to the market'; or if some drivers, as they do in Norfolk, take a dried bladder and put peas in it, the rattle thereof terrifies the boldest." And this is only one of many instances which might be quoted. His memory is most tenacious, and works in harmony with his penetrating imagination.

For slow-growing, late-fruited natures, for men of long-enduring hopes, the conclusion is comforting. The compiler of these "lives" at twenty-five, wrote 'Sartor Resartus' at thirty-five. It is almost incredible. But he forsook the schools and trampled the Johnsonian tradition under foot. He worked out his own style his own way, though Macvey Napier "edited" as much of the life out of his 'Edinburgh' articles as he dared, though critics of 'Fraser' reviled, and the oldest subscriber lifted up his voice and blasphemed. He had the courage to be himself, and we are all gainers by that determination. As for his apprentice work, there is really no reason for quarreling with his own verdict upon it. Though perhaps not exactly "silly" or "wretched," except in a strict Carlylean sense, they are certainly "dreary" and "not worth mentioning." No one would look at them twice, even in the gorgeous dress of the reprint of them, unless he knew they came from the right hand which has forgot its cunning beneath the clods of Ecclefechan churchyard.

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN.

### The History of the Gas Franchise in Philadelphia.

The Philadelphia gas works were established in 1835. During a preliminary investigation of the gas supply in other cities, Councils had been deeply impressed with the advantages of public management, but they shrank from the financial responsibility involved in municipal ownership. In establishing the works, they

therefore devised a plan designed to throw the risk of the new enterprise on private capitalists, while reserving for the city the right of control.

In pursuance of this plan, the ordinance of 1835 provided that the necessary capital to build and equip the plant should be secured by an issue of stock to the amount of \$100,000. A board of twelve trustees, elected by Councils, was created to construct and manage the works. The entire net profit of the enterprise was to be distributed by the trustees in semi-annual dividends on stock. In spite of the peculiar arrangement which allowed the stockholders no direct control of the business, the required capital was eagerly furnished, and early in 1836 the gas works were in operation.

But, while establishing indirect public control through a board of trustees elected by Councils, the ordinance of 1835 had further provided that the city might at any time take possession of the works by converting the stock into a loan redeemable in twenty years and paying 6 per cent interest. In 1841 Councils decided to take advantage of this provision, and against the protest of the stockholders the Philadelphia gas works became public property. The trustee system of management as originally established was continued, the ordinance providing that "said works shall be controlled and managed by a board of trustees, elected and constituted as heretofore, who shall have the whole control and management of the said works and of the sinking fund and of all other funds belonging to said works; and the said trustees shall pay no part of said funds nor any part of the profit of said works into the city treasury, but shall apply and appropriate the same as directed by this ordinance until the interest and principal of said loan shall be fully paid as they become due to said stockholders."

Thus was created one of the most remarkable administrative bodies in municipal history. The motive for this unique attempt at public control through a trust elected by Councils, but not responsible to them or to any other body, is judicially explained as follows: "By that system they (the gas works) are placed on a permanent footing and are effectually guarded against the changes and consequent mismanagement which might flow from the impulsive action of political parties."

It is apparent that this system of irresponsible control would work well only as long as the trustees were personally honest and efficient; that dishonest and inefficient trustees would possess almost unlimited power for mischief. During the early history of the gas trust the system, bad as it was in theory, produced fairly good results. The price of gas was lowered from \$3.50 per thousand feet in 1836 to \$3 in

1845, to \$2.50 in 1846, to \$2.25 in 1848, and to \$2 in 1852. These rates were lower than those prevailing in the other cities of the country, except those in the immediate vicinity of coal mines.

During the Civil War period the latent evils of the trustee system were fully developed. The trust was then captured by unscrupulous politicians, and from this time until its dissolution the Philadelphia Gas Trust presents a perfect illustration of what Mr. Franklin MacVeagh has characterized as "deeply rooted, elaborately organized, highly popularized, and self-respecting corruption." The corrupt influences emanating from the irresponsible trust soon permeated every department of municipal government, and the Gas Ring ruled Philadelphia with the absolutism of an Oriental despot.

The trust had shrewdly captured the regular organization of the Republican party, and its political power was largely based upon the unreasoning party loyalty of honest but misguided citizens. But the audacity of the corruptionists finally provoked revolt. In 1874 the Citizens' Municipal Reform Association, an independent organization recruited from both parties, attacked the gas trust, and although, as the report declares, "the nature of the gas trust is such as to render a thorough investigation of its affairs impossible," inquiries for information being "refused with an exaggeration of official insolence," the investigating committee managed to demonstrate that this unique body, spending annually four millions of the public money without accountability, was either incredibly inefficient or hopelessly corrupt.

In reply to the arraignment of the committee the trust simply pointed to the fact that its product was cheaper than that of any other city save those that were "right on top of the coal beds." And, strange as this statement may appear in view of the flagrant corruption of the trust, it was substantially true. An investigation made in 1874 showed that the current net prices of gas to private consumers in the principal cities of the country were as follows:

Chicago, \$3; Washington, \$3; Brooklyn, \$3 and \$2.75; New York, \$2.75; Baltimore, \$2.75; Boston, \$2.50; Providence, \$2.50; Philadelphia, \$2.30.

The cities mentioned above were all supplied by private companies with the exception of Philadelphia, and the comparatively low price achieved by public management of a notoriously inefficient type is worthy of note.

The management of the trust improved slightly after the revelations of the early seventies, and the price of gas was reduced from \$2.30 to \$2.15 in 1876, and to \$2 in 1880. Four reductions in rapid succession then brought the price down from \$2 in 1880 to \$1.50 in 1887.

The trust expired in 1886, and in anticipation of this happy event provision was made under the new city charter obtained in 1885, for the organization of a bureau of gas under the Department of Public Works. But before the city had come into full possession of its own, private capitalists began to urge the sale of the franchise. An offer of \$10,000,000 was refused in 1883, and later offers of larger sums were likewise declined.

Blocked in the attempt to purchase the plant, the investors tried to lease it. In September, 1886, a notable fight for the control of the gas works was opened on the side of the investors by a lease proposition submitted by a syndicate headed by Mr. Thomas Dolan and Mr. Wharton Barker. This struggle of eleven years ago between the capitalists and the advocates of municipal administration presents the most striking parallelisms to the present leasing controversy.

The Dolan-Barker proposition offered a cash rental of \$1,000,000 a year for the control of the gas works for twenty-five years. The maximum price of gas to the private consumer during this period was to be \$1.50 per thousand feet, and there was no provision for reduction, except at the pleasure of the lessees. Public lighting was to be done at cost, and the syndicate agreed to spend \$3,000,000 in improving the plant within five years.

The would-be lessees made the most alarming predictions of financial disaster if municipal management were continued, and powerful influence was brought to bear on Councils to force the immediate execution of the lease. But upon the publication of the Dolan-Barker offer, a New York syndicate and various local combinations of capitalists rushed to Councils with proposals much more advantageous to the city than the original plan.

However, for reasons best understood by the Councilmen themselves, the Dolan-Barker proposal was the only one seriously considered. Certain Councilmen, led by Messrs. Bardsley and Clay, attempted to stifle discussion and rush the lease through, but an aroused public opinion halted the movement and compelled radical amendment. Even after extensive concessions had been made by the syndicate, the 'Ledger' declared editorially that the lease ordinance should be entitled "An ordinance to compel the gas consumers of Philadelphia to pay Wharton Barker, Thomas Dolan, and their assigns \$2,000,000 and upwards in profits every year for twenty-five years for the privilege of getting one million back again for the city."

Finally, in December, Mr. John Wanamaker practically killed the Dolan proposition and the whole lease agitation by offering a contract so



much more advantageous than the favored lease that there was left no pretext for considering the original offer. He agreed to lease the works for twenty-five years under all the obligations of the amended Dolan-Barker ordinance, and to share profits with the city, paying into the public treasury one-half of the profits during the first five years, and three-fourths of the profits during the remaining twenty years. He also proposed to allow the city to terminate the lease and resume control in ten years. But in advancing the proposition he said: "I desire to distinctly state that I am clearly and strongly of the opinion that the city should not at the present time lease its public works to any person or persons."

This offer was followed by a proposal of Mr. Frank McLaughlin to furnish gas under lease for 75 cents per thousand feet, half the prevailing price. Thereupon the people, who had narrowly escaped a contract to pay a private corporation \$1.50 for gas until 1911, breathed a sigh of relief and demanded in no uncertain voice that Councils forthwith provide for the public management of their great gas property.

The gas trust resigned the control of the works to the new bureau of gas in March, 1887, and then for the first time the gas works were under the direct and responsible management of the city government. The new management received the works in bad condition, but radical improvement was soon manifest. Superfluous employes were discharged, improved methods adopted, and the cost of production materially decreased. Although the gas works are still "in politics," the reduction in price from \$1.50 to \$1 per thousand feet has been made by direct city management without destroying the credit balance of the works.

A review of the history of the gas franchise clearly vindicates the policy of Councils in establishing a public monopoly in the gas supply. Through that policy the city is now in possession of a plant worth, if gas is kept at one dollar per thousand feet, more than \$30,000,000. The cost of this plant has been incidentally paid by gas consumers who, in spite of a vicious system of trust management, have always paid less for their gas than private companies were exacting in other cities. The present price of gas, although higher than it should be, is lower than that now paid under private management in most American cities, and this price defrays the cost of public lighting and leaves a credit balance. Public management through trustees involved gross corruption, but the present direct administration is relatively clean, comparing most favorably in this respect with private management in most of our larger cities. Unprejudiced interpretation of the history of the gas

franchise sustains Mayor Warwick when he asserts that "The gas works are a most valuable asset, and should never pass from the absolute control of the city." FREDERIC W. SPEIRS.

### Restriction of Fiction in Public Libraries.

Some two years ago my attention was called by a leading school principal to the havoc that cheap fiction was working among the young of this city. "For years," he said, "I have been trying to build up a select school library for boys and girls, and to train them to use it, but the Carnegie Library opened its doors, flooded the community with fiction, and in a comparatively short time has undone my work of years." These were stinging words, and I began to think and investigate. It is true I had on my side Dr. Poole's plea for sensational fiction in public libraries, uttered in 1877:

"The masses of a community have very little of culture, literary or scholarly. They need more of this culture, and the purpose of the library is to develop and increase it. This is done by placing in their hands such books as they can read with pleasure and appreciate, and by stimulating them to acquire the *habit* of reading. We must first interest the reader before we can educate him; and, to this end, must commence at his own standard of intelligence. When the habit of reading is once acquired, the reader's taste, and hence the quality of his reading, progressively improves. . . . As a rule, people read books better than themselves, and hence are benefited by reading."\*

And I had also the authority of Mr. F. B. Perkins, expressed in his article 'How to Make Town Libraries Successful':

"The first mistake likely to be made in establishing a public library is choosing books of too thoughtful or too solid a character. It is vain to go on the principle of collecting books that people ought to read, and afterwards trying to coax them to read them. The only practical method is to begin by *supplying books that people already want to read* (italics are mine), and afterwards to do whatever shall be found possible to elevate their reading tastes."†

Upon investigation I found that boys were reading a volume a day of such writers as Oliver Optic and H. Alger, and that some were even running races in their reading. I decided to drop Alger and Castlemon at once, and to let the volumes of Optic wear out. No wail went up except from a few newspapers. The girls' reading I found was no better than the boys', while it was pursued with equal avidity. Nor did the public taste improve under the influ-

\*'Library Journal,' I; p. 48.

†'Public Libraries in the United States.' Publications of the Bureau of Education, 1876.

ence of free fiction. At one time we had twelve sets each of Southworth and Mary J. Holmes, and still the cry was for more. I decided to drop at least the following: Bertha M. Clay, Martha Finley, M. Agnes Fleming, A. C. Gunter, Mary J. Holmes, E. D. E. N. Southworth, some of Marion Harland, Augusta J. Evans Wilson, and, finally, after considerable pondering, poor Mr. Roe. If I had only spared that last-named idol of the Sunday-school scholar's heart, I might have escaped criticism. I confess that the excluded list is not altogether a consistent one; but it will do for a beginning. Other names will be added in time, but I will not advertise them. There have been no very emphatic complaints on the part of our readers, but on the other hand there has been most hearty approval of my action from teachers, parents, pulpit, religious and literary press.

The second great fallacy in the arguments in favor of free fiction is usually stated as follows: "Give the people what they want; they pay the taxes, and ought to decide for themselves what they will read." Experience has shown that if we give the people just what they want, they will want nothing but novels, and very trashy novels. But are the readers of fiction in public libraries tax-payers? From 75 to 80 per cent of the readers in this library are women and children (minors), and as such, except in rare exceptions, pay no taxes. Have they the right, then, to demand that novels shall continue to supply 80 per cent of the total issue of our circulating department? (For last year, 84 per cent.\*) It may be advanced that the husbands or fathers of our chief readers pay the taxes and can claim the right of free fiction for their families. I believe that a very small number of the library users are property-holders, who alone are taxed for library purposes. Out of 8000 card-holders I am certain that not 100 own their own homes. This library, in fact, was established by Mr. Carnegie for the benefit of the non-property-holding class, and it would be a little surprising to find that this class did not constitute the vast majority of the users of the library. It was Mr. Carnegie's declared purpose, in making his gift, to enable the poor to help themselves—by self-education. It was not intended merely to amuse. But for the sake of the argument, grant that the non-property classes represented by their wives and children support public libraries through taxation, is it not likely that many of these would much prefer their wives and children to read something better than novels, and ever novels? Citizens and property-holders have consented to be taxed to establish and maintain public li-

braries on the theory that they were an extension of our school system, and that their purpose was primarily, if not exclusively, educational. If it turns out that three-fourths of their purpose is to furnish amusement of a questionable character, and only one-fourth is for educational purposes, have not the tax-payers been deceived?

Judge Chamberlain defends\* the tax-payers' side of the library as a form of amusement, but he concludes with these wise words:

"Consent that libraries be fairly representative of the communities in which they exist and from which they derive their support."

What is fairly representative it is the business of the librarian to find out. The reading that is fairly representative of a community is what it pays for, not what it gets for nothing or is induced to read by teachers and librarians. From the 'Publishers' Weekly' we can learn that in 1880, 562 works of fiction were published out of a total of all classes—theological, educational, belles-lettres, etc.—of 2076, or 27 per cent. As the editions of novels are usually larger than the editions of other works, this is doubtless an under-estimate, but for purposes of comparison it is approximately correct. In 1889 the percentage of novels published rose to 33½ per cent, in 1891 a little higher, in 1894 23 per cent, in 1895 28 per cent, and in 1896 25 per cent. With this as a basis, it would be fair to expect the fiction circulation of public libraries to be about 30 or 33½ per cent. Such it doubtless would be if all classes depended on the public libraries for their books. But three-fourths of the readers in the libraries are women and children—and women always read novels. Outside of professional reading, I fear, men read little but newspapers. It must be said to the credit of women that, while as a class they read nothing but novels, every public library can boast of a goodly circle of women readers who organize reading clubs and in many other ways help on the cause of good literature.

Filtration is the remedy. Libraries, not the public, have been the chief cause of this epidemic of fiction. Free education has in this country become a fad. It was to cure all human ills. It was to change human nature. It has naturally failed to do all that was expected of it. The free library movement is a part of this fad, and it is found that it needs more than free libraries to reform the world. Free libraries will do much, and that they may do their best work it is necessary to effect an improvement in the reading they furnish the public.

W. M. STEVENSON.

*Carnegie Free Library, Allegheny.*

\*When the reference reading is added to the reading in the circulating department the fiction is only 55 per cent of the total.—W. M. S.

\*'Library Journal,' VIII; p. 208.

## Books.

*The Christian.\**

We turn from the romance of war and chivalry, which finds most favor with novelists of to-day, to confront a problem-novel—a social equation of which the roots are unknown—‘*The Christian*.’ Mr. Caine’s genius has so associated itself with his little island home, with simple, homely life where strong elemental passions have scope, that we hardly recognize it at work in the bewildering complexity of London life at the end of this nineteenth century. The power and intense interest of his last novel no one can deny; and to interest powerfully a fiction-sated world, it will be admitted, is no small matter. But as to its *truth*—if it depicts London life, as its author assures us it does, London has gone mad, art is given over to storm and stress, and poise, sanity, temper, are no more. Interesting, then, as ‘*The Christian*’ is, we must confess it to be painful, repulsive.

Mr. Hall Caine has set himself a problem in social morality that is a burden unto which his artistic powers were not born, and they yield under the unwonted strain. His descriptions are crude and violent, a purpose glares at us from every page, and a study of “types of mind and character” shakes a threatening fist at us in every chapter. At the close of the book Mr. Caine is no nearer the solution of his problem than he was when he introduced it, and in his handling of it he has touched no part that he has not blackened. He has hoarsely abused the church and the world. As for the flesh, he poses as the champion of victimized woman. In defence of Polly Love he wastes a whole drama of heroics, and Polly Love is not an innocent, down-trodden creature, but a woman of essentially low nature, whose fall was perhaps inevitable. In her behalf Mr. Caine desires us not only to withhold throwing stones, he calls for bouquets.

The hero of the novel, John Storm, is a compound of lover, philanthropist, and lunatic, and is a signal failure in all parts but the last. He is an uncomfortable, oppressive person, with a forehead arched like a wall, and golden-brown eyes containing a “splendid fire.” Hamlet-like, he finds the time out of joint; unlike Hamlet, he exults in the belief that only he is born to set it right. He becomes chaplain in a fashionable church, then is a member of an Anglican brotherhood, and thereafter betakes himself to Soho, where he preaches to a congregation in the slums. He loses his church, discovers that he is hopelessly in love with Glory Quayle, and asks her to accompany him to the leper mission, where her brilliant hair and

more brilliant epigrams will afford consolation to the sufferers. But Glory fails to appreciate the offer, and John becomes once more a semi-monk whose sermons would turn the bluest Jeremiah green with envy. The mob’s discovery of his resemblance in form and feature to the “divine figure” is something worse than bad taste, and besides is curiously out of line with the harshness and crudity of a character represented as a Christian ideal.

The heroine, who is given us as “pure gold,” is not of the kind the poets praise as “refined gold.” Glory Quayle’s dark-gray eyes with the “brown spot” that is half-coquettish, half a squint, her red-gold hair, her incessant smile, her ever-shuffling feet, and her nervous mouth always in movement, is not a restful object. We gasp under her overwhelming buoyancy, and think with regret of the gentle Mona and the pure-eyed Naomi of the novelist’s early dreams. Her letters are a marvel of forced gayety; we are willing to fly to even Dora Copperfield for relief from this bewildering young scribe. Her character wants delicacy, and her innocence of nature is intelligible only on the score of her obtuseness. Though she loves Storm, she will not let concealment feed on her damask cheek; she demands caresses from the tardy John. In the dramatic crisis of the narrative, when John Storm calls on Glory merely to kill her, she induces him to alter the purpose of his “*pour prendre congé*” in favor of a pagan feast of kisses. Glory is always an actress, but even her rouge is inartistic. At the end of the play these turbulent lovers are married, in italics and large capitals, and we are relieved to know that the bridegroom is forthwith to die. As he endows Glory with his worldly goods, we irreverently wonder what the widow will do with his faithful bloodhound, how soon she will marry Drake, and what a remarkable name will then be hers—Glory Quayle Storm Drake! The ghost of Juliet hovers from out the tomb of all the Capulets to utter her conundrum anew.

As there are many who wish to hear of darkest Soho, who know Mr. Caine’s power, and who find his bold handling of life fascinating, ‘*The Christian*’ is assured of hosts of readers. That it is unjust to the best modern movements of the church and philanthropic effort, and that its humanitarianism is an insult to womanhood, are therefore all the more lamentable. Let Mr. Caine from Greeba Castle give us another ‘Deemster,’ strong and sane. Or let us hear of life’s anguish in such a tale as that of the lonely Jew of Morocco. But the “Christian” walked the earth many centuries ago, and when we wish to see the love that may redeem the world we can find it in the writings of John the Beloved, not in the pages of a book that builds its financial success on the ruins of art and honest portraiture.

ERIN GRAHAM.

\*‘*The Christian*,’ by T. Hall Caine. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

## Songs of the South.\*

In collecting certain representative Southern poems and carefully editing them with brief biographical notices of the authors, Miss Clarke has rendered a commendable service. Mr. Harris in his judicious introduction says: "The scheme of this anthology goes a little deeper than a mere purpose to present only those selections that touch the high-water mark of minor verse. The student will find in it many of the suggestions that illuminate history." Had the editor confined her choice to those poems which deserve a permanent place in our national literature, she would have made a considerably smaller volume than the one before us. In this collection only two poets of authoritative reputation are represented—Edgar Allan Poe, who was only partly Southern, and Sidney Lanier, who died when his creative powers were ripening. Excepting these two great men and two or three contemporary writers of occasional verse who have made themselves popular among the readers of the nation, such as Samuel Minturn Peck, Frank L. Stanton, and Father Tabb, the contributors to this anthology may be divided into three classes: First, those whose reputations have been made in prose and who have written only random verse—James Lane Allen, John Esten Cooke, Joel Chandler Harris, Thomas Nelson Page, George D. Prentiss, Christian Reid, and William Gilmore Simms; second, those who are affectionately remembered by Southerners, but who have made no lasting impression on the nation at large—Paul Hamilton Hayne, Father Ryan, and, most memorable of this group, and deserving of a larger audience than he has yet had, the tender-souled, melodious Henry Timrod; third, a large group of unremembered singers lacking distinction but expressing some of the dominant motives and aspirations of Southern life. It is from these last two groups that we get most of that light which, as Mr. Harris says, will "illuminate history."

It is frequently from the minor singers that we get a true insight into the heart and life of a community. The great poet is too much encumbered with his own originality to be always a safe guide; he sees things not as yet realized by his compatriots, is a pioneer in an undiscovered country, lives in advance of his time. The chorus of smaller voices hymn the things well known and duly accredited by their fellows. Edgar Allan Poe was independent of social and political conditions. His poems might have been written in Saturn for all the intelligence

they afford of what his neighbors thought about; they reflect the life of Baltimore no more than that of Boston or New York. But his less illustrious and happier countrymen drew their inspiration from the native soil.

When we come to examine the literary products of this soil we find that which is likely to confound the *à priori* philosopher. If some prophet of a hundred years ago had undertaken to forecast the seat of letters in the United States he would surely have predicted something quite contrary to the accomplished fact. To the north there lies a bleak tract of rock-bound land, beautiful enough in its brief summer, but for the major portion of the year forbidding in aspect. Snow and ice fetter it; unpropitious winds sweep over it; fair skies are reluctant; the soil is stubborn and unfruitful. Moreover, the heroic human drama which has been wrought out in this dark setting has of necessity bred some social conditions and characteristics not altogether genial. Out of the bitterness and contention incident to the raising up in the face of determined opposition a security for religious and political liberty there has grown an austere view of life, hostile alike to social amenities and to artistic graces. Apollo, god of poetry, was also fabled god of the sun. What habitation can he find in a land where the sun is banished from the sky by clouds and from the homes of the people by a rigid creed which reckons joyousness a sin?

To the south there is a fair, green country, where most of the year is summer and the days so bright that "Sunny South" has become the accepted sobriquet of the region. A fertile land, watered by pleasant streams which are seldom or never impeded by ice, generous in gifts useful and pleasurable. The people who dwell here are more favored than their Northern brethren with immunity from enemies natural and human. Unmolested by moral or physical threatenings, they are liberal-minded without any terror of political dissolution. They are proverbially open-hearted and free-handed, rejoicing in social intercourse, given to hospitality, sensitive, emotional.

The speculative observer of colonial America would surely have said that it is in this Southern land that poetry will fructify. But it didn't. New England became the centre of the country's literature, and if there are signs that this centre is shifting a little to the southward it is still far away from the region properly known as "The South." It is not easy to give a reason for this. To theorize about matters so large and intangible is to fall into guess-work. But two guesses will be hazarded which may be at least suggestive.

The first is that before the South had well outgrown its pioneer state, a stage of civiliza-

\*'Songs of the South,' collected and edited by Jennie Thornley Clarke, with an introduction by Joel Chandler Harris. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.



tion which has never produced any considerable literature, it was caught up in that swift, deadly crisis which terminated in a struggle for its very existence, and when that awful contest ended in defeat, it had just enough vitality to stagger up from its exhaustion and painfully endeavor to rebuild that which had been destroyed. Certain fierce hymns of resentment, denunciation, and encouragement were provoked by the war, but almost nothing that could survive the passion which inspired them. For this class of Southern literature labored, as it were, between two destructive fires. The country which produced it and the men who wrote it were civilized, and hence it was impossible that the songs should be like the battle hymns of early Europe which have outlived history. In early Greek or Germanic verse it is not the individual at all that we hear, but the concentrated voice of the accumulated passion of the tribe. In the first stages of national growth and civilization the ideas are few and simple, and to them the people, with no self-conscious mental distinctions one from another, lend instinctive assent. The songs are the spontaneous throb of a common emotion. Folk-songs are possible only in the primitive tribal condition, for the power to make them is lost in the differentiations of complex society.

On the other hand, the situation in the South was such that civilization did not bring its opportunities for a distinct class of poets who could take that deeper, more philosophic view of war which gives endurance to modern martial verse. In this the North had the advantage. Northern war poetry, the most of it, which has survived the struggle, was created by men who had no active part therein, while in the South the fighters and the singers were the same. The South had such momentous issues at stake and such tremendous odds against it that the capable man who did not bear arms was disgraced. To this day the Southerner who was between sixteen and sixty when the war began feels called upon to offer a detailed explanation if he was not a soldier. The North was fighting for a great moral principle which inflamed the hearts of all its people and kindled poetry in the souls of those who had the gift of singing. The South was fighting for its life, and had little breath to spend in song.

The second and more comprehensive guess at an explanation is closely akin to the first, for both grow out of the fact that the South has never been a fully developed country. The old South had no representative centre, such as Boston was to New England, toward which there could be a gravitation of the best intellects and in which there could be that intermingling of people of the highest culture which seems necessary for the propagation of a dis-

tinct national literature. Its only considerable city, New Orleans, was dominated by a foreign element in no sense representative of the homogeneous population of the rest of the country. Whether the country or the city is the better place for the poet to live is a question altogether foreign to the discussion. The point is that, while the history of literature suggests the names of a number of eminent authors who led a secluded life, no body of excellent literature bearing the marks of nationality has grown in a country which lacked a centre of refinement, culture, education, and art, to which men of letters might from time to time repair and commune with their peers. For the development of a literature conforming to the genius of a people it is apparently necessary that somewhere within the country's boundaries there should be an Athens, Rome, Florence, Paris, Weimar, London, Edinburgh, or Boston. With all its genial association of friends in fox-hunt and "house-party" and country ball, there was nothing anywhere in the South to correspond with the "Saturday Club." In all that vast territory, so sparsely populated that if, according to a statement made by the late Henry Grady, all the people were ranged in single file from Virginia to Texas each would be beyond the reach of his neighbor's voice, the chances were all against the communication of the best literary minds with each other. Association was appointed by vicinage, not by intellectual affinity. There was a great deal of sporadic culture in the South. It is safe to say that no better private libraries existed in America than those belonging to Southern gentlemen. Many of the sons studied in European universities. But the libraries were inaccessible to the multitude, and the young men returned from their foreign travel to engage in the isolated pursuits of the plantation or in the practical activities of law and politics. The aristocracy of culture was the aristocracy of blood and wealth. For the people at large there were few books, mediocre schools, and very limited facilities for higher education. And neither for the patricians nor for the people was there an intellectual capitol with authenticated legislators in the things of the mind.

And now for a guess as to the future and a prediction based upon certain obvious qualities of the poetry in these selected 'Songs of the South.'

A great change has taken place in that section. With courage and perseverance unsurpassed in history, it has recovered from the devastation of war. Though still undeveloped to the full capacity of its resources, its material conditions are being continually bettered by both native and Northern enterprise. Its com-

mercial centres are growing rapidly. Nor is it neglecting its intellectual welfare. Within ten or fifteen years really wonderful progress has been made in the modernization of its schools and colleges. In a sense, all this is less important than it would have been before the war, because the new South does not hold itself aloof from the rest of the country as did its more sensitive parent. It is now a part of the United States, not merely in name, but in all that is vital to its destiny. Its future is the future of the Union, and the increasing recognition of this truth among the more thoughtful people of the section is one of the best auguries for its continued prosperity. It therefore follows that the South is no longer in imperative need of its own metropolis of education and culture. That American city, whatever it is to be, which stands in this relationship to New England, the Middle States, and the West, will exercise the same office for the South.

At the same time, in a vast country like this, certain sectional differences will probably always prevail. Certain popular characteristics — and these exert an incalculable influence upon literature — will be more emphasized in one region of the country than in another. The South is at present the most homogeneous portion of the country. Immigration has affected its population almost not at all, and in all that is germane to social development the negro is as separate from the white man as if he still lived in Africa. And so it comes about that some fundamental Anglo-Saxon traits are preserved there in remarkable purity, uncommingled by alien admixture of blood and habits of thought. Intellectual conservatism is a marked quality of these people. This statement is not discredited by transient manifestations of political empiricism. The nation has yet to be born which is not subject to occasional flurries of mistaken judgment. Again, in no part of the country, probably, is the old religious instinct maintained in such integrity as in the South. If any one demands immediate evidence for this assertion, he may find it in the very volume under discussion, in which it is safe to say a majority of the poems are either directly inspired or emphatically colored by this sentiment. This characteristic is important to poetry. It is quite apart from any question of dogma, though the reality and intensity of the sentiment is manifested in the frank appeal which these Southern poets make to scriptural theme and apologue, instead of losing themselves in vague pantheistic language. The important point is that these people evidently possess that vital sense of an intimate and transcendent mystery without which poetry has never fared very well, though the recognition of the mystery may vary all the way from the

literalness of Dante to the baffling obscurity of the second part of 'Faust.' Whether or not pure reason will ultimately have its school of poets is one of the numerous questions which the prudent inquirer will leave for time to answer. At present it must be admitted that the prospect is not flattering. Finally, there is in the South what may be called a wholesome reliance on a well-ordered intuitive faculty. The South has never been intellectualized into total skepticism of the emotions and intuitions, and it has never been urbanized into being ashamed of them. They still believe in oratory in the South. They still produce it, too, and that of no mean order, as any one may verify who will attend a session of a Southern court. This unabashed appeal to the primitive emotional nature of man is a mark of Southern poetry as well as of Southern public speech. Indeed, it may be said that the leading fault of the lesser verse in this volume of selections arises from a failure to recognize the distinction between oratory and poetry. Many of the verses are rhetorical rather than artistic, a defect which is doubtless due more to wrong models than to any aberration of taste. There is too much of the orotund Byron and the tintinnabulating Tom Moore, and too little that gives evidence of a close study of the graver, chaster English metrical types.

Now, these leading traits which have been enumerated are apparent in even a cursory reading of these 'Songs of the South,' and one thing they indicate clearly—namely, that whatever errors the singers may fall into, they utter themselves naturally. There are about one hundred and fifty contributors to the volume, and in all the diversity of their productions there is one dominant note—sincerity. In the whole volume there is scarcely an attempt at clever artistry. If the poetry were of a much poorer quality than it is, it would compel respect for this. One hundred and fifty makers of verse, and not a *poseur* among them! Not a bad record, that. It follows, since the greater includes the less, that there is lacking that favorite end-of-the-century attitudinizing, *ennui*. Many of the singers are melancholy, for that has been the malady of minor poets in all ages; some of them are even painfully sentimental, and a few are quite despairing; but none is indifferent, *blasé*. That last perfect work of sophistication is fortunately wanting here. Emerson's young man who sighed that "nothing's new and nothing's true and no matter" will find no brethren here. It "matters" a great deal, and they are not ashamed to admit as much. That is why they trouble themselves to make songs.

One more question we must refer for a decisive answer to our venerable riddle-reader, time. Will the South, as it widens its intellec-

tual interests and refines its artistic methods, retain its cardinal characteristics? For the sake of the argument it must be assumed that it will. Nor is the assumption groundless. It finds warranty in that same homogeneity of the people. It is by attrition that old racial marks and grounded traditions are razed away. Up to the present time, at least, the South as a section has escaped this attrition. Local manners and superficial prejudices will yield as the people of the South associate more freely with the people of other sections and other countries. But those more important traits are in the fibre; they make the character of a people, and are too firmly rooted to yield to anything short of such an intimate intermixture of native with extraneous blood as has not even begun in the South.

Therefore, the future of poetry in the South is hopeful. Poetry is such an old-fashioned thing that when all is considered it would seem wise to treat it in a somewhat old-fashioned manner. It is questionable if it will ever be quite at its ease in some of the excessively modern tailoring that has been so briskly displayed for it—for instance, Parisian decadence and clumsy Anglo-American imitations thereof. This and kindred perversions of art will have their day, and in all likelihood will be succeeded by other extravagances yet undreamed of. But in the end it will be discovered that fantastic experimentation can never do the work of an honest reliance on wholesome imagination, for this imagination, at furthest remove from cunning invention, is but the perception of transcendental truth. Every great poetic epoch has been marked by an enlivening of the imagination and a steadying of faith in time-tried truths. It is intolerable to suppose that there will be no more such epochs when the world has wearied of its literary gymnastics. Nor is it supposable that Americans, distinguished in all things else for common sense, will be the last people to perceive this obvious truth. When the awakening comes, no section will have a monopoly of the accompanying poetic revival, but it seems reasonable to presume that the South will have a generous share in it, seeing that its people, while broadening their intellectual horizon and deepening their ideas, have never forsaken their faith in sentiment and emotion, nor ever declined to render ready response thereto.

STOCKTON AXSON.

By ill-will and hatred a man's observation is limited to the surface of things, even though those qualities be accompanied by a keen perception. But if the latter goes hand in hand with good-will and love, it is able to penetrate into the heart of man and the world, and may even attain to the supreme goal.—Goethe.

### Jean Francois Millet.\*

The biography of the great painter, J. F. Millet, ought to be read with great interest in America, the country which first really appreciated him. The biography itself is timely, for, as the writer says, "One by one the men and women who were his contemporaries are dropping out, and it becomes more important to collect these scattered memories before the generation which knew Millet has quite passed away." From such material as these memories, Mrs. Henry Ady has produced a complete picture of Millet as a man and as an artist. Here is her exposition:

"The man and the artist were closely bound together, and his art was in a special manner the outcome of his life. Himself a peasant of peasants, he has illustrated the whole cycle of the life of the fields in a series of immortal pictures. 'Man goeth forth to his labour until the evening' is the text of all his works.

"This was the new gospel he had to proclaim in the ears of the modern world. Before his time the peasant had never been held a fit subject for art in France. The *bergeries* of Trianon and the *paysans enrubanis* of Watteau were as far removed from reality as possible. The polite world remained convinced of the truth of Madame de Stael's saying that "*L'agriculture sent le fumier*." A group of peasants drinking or quarreling, a picturesque beggar, or even a pair of humble lovers at a cottage door, might be tolerated, but no one was so audacious as to attempt the theme of a labourer at his work.

"Millet's theme was new and strange, and because the young artist dared to take an independent line and paint the subjects which appealed to him, he had to face not only the prejudices of an ignorant public, but the scorn and hatred of the official world."

Art when Millet first came to Paris in 1837 was at a low ebb. The pictures to be exhibited in the Salon were selected by an official body who admitted none that departed in the least from the reigning standard. Originality was a crime, the efforts which had been made in 1830 by Delacroix, Decamps, Corot, and Rousseau had been crushed for the time, and even when these painters began to be appreciated, Millet was kept out and considered a dangerous character and a socialist because his choice of peasant subjects seemed to indicate political views. Critics also said he deliberately preferred ugliness and had no sense of beauty, and when he proposed to make drawings of reapers at work "in fine attitudes," even his friends shrugged their shoulders. But in the end this was exactly

\*'Life of Jean Francois Millet,' by Julia Cartwright (Mrs. Henry Ady). London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

what Millet did, and the world no longer laughs at his 'Sowers' or 'Gleaners.'

Millet's biographer gives a most charming account of his early days at Greville, a small village near Cherbourg, in La Manche, but the book itself must be read in order to understand the influences under which his noble character and independent genius developed. She describes the life of toil, the refined parents—peasants though they were—the strong personality of the grandmother, steeped in a religious fervor that guided her every thought and action, but which also gave her strength, to use Millet's own words, "to love so well and so unselfishly." As his mother was obliged to help in the work of the field, his grandmother took entire charge of him, rocking him to sleep with songs of old Normandy, rousing him with the words, "Wake up, my little Francis, the birds have long been singing the glory of our good God." She taught him to dread a wrong action more than death. Her exhortations when he became an artist to remember that he was a Christian before he was a painter drew from him the promise that he would never sacrifice his conscience to his art, a promise he carried into practice later on at great cost to himself.

Millet's artistic faculty showed itself in early childhood, when he tried to draw everything he saw. When asked as a child of five years what profession he would choose, he said, "I mean to make pictures of men"; but no one ever thought of his being an artist till he was eighteen, when his kind father told him that, as his younger brothers were now able to help him, he meant to send him to Cherbourg and see if he had talent enough to earn a living. He was placed with an artist, a former pupil of David's, who refused at first to believe he had had no teaching. Convinced at last that he was self-taught, he reproached the father for having kept young Millet so long at the plough. On the death of his father the family and farm devolved on Francis, who did his part bravely till his grandmother yielded to the entreaties of the notables of Cherbourg, who begged him away with promises of commissions if he returned, and an opening in the studio of their foremost painter in the town, Langlois de Chèvreville. Passing to Cherbourg, Millet worked hard all day with his master and haunted the chief libraries in the town where he read every book he could get hold of—Homer and Shakspeare, Walter Scott, Milton, Goethe's 'Faust,' Schiller, Béranger, also Chateaubriand and Victor Hugo. He had always loved reading, and knew Virgil and the Vulgate by heart before he left home, and his thorough knowledge of the Bible greatly influenced his life and paintings.

The town of Cherbourg at last gave him a

small pension to enable him to go to Paris and work at Delacroix's studio. It was very inadequate for the purpose, and was soon withdrawn, and for years Millet fought a fierce fight with hunger and poverty. Then, too, he could work only in his own way; he must leave Delacroix and set up a little *atelier* with a fellow-artist, Marolle. He consulted Marolle how best to earn a livelihood. "Supposing," he said, "I were to draw figures of men at work in the fields, a man mowing or making hay, for instance; the action is fine." "Yes," replied Marolle, "but you will never sell them." "What, then," said Millet, "would you have me do?" "Colored illustrations of nude women sell best," was the reply. He refused, and painted charity feeding her children. No one would give a franc for it. Then he painted the colored illustrations to get bread for his sickly wife and himself, composed little pastels in the style of Watteau and Boucher, and portraits which brought him in ten or twenty francs each, and became famous as "le maître du nu." At last the Salon accepted one of his pastels, which won considerable attention from its animation and luminous coloring. The painter Diaz, exclaiming "At last we have a new master—that man is a true painter," went to seek him at his poor lodging. Millet, he found, had painted the pastel by the side of his dying wife.

Millet returned to hide his tears in the old home in Normandy. He soon married again, and that most fortunately. His wife helped him to struggle through the remaining years of poverty and discouragement at Paris, and lived to enjoy with him and her children the peaceful idyllic life which followed when he conquered fame and freedom.

Millet's reputation so far was to his mind a debasing one, and he resolutely turned away from the only line of art which afforded sure means of living. In 1848 his fortune began to turn, when his picture of the 'Winnower' was exhibited and brought five hundred francs. But while all Paris was talking of his picture, the painter and his family had neither food nor fire in their garret. When a kind-hearted artist got an advance of one hundred francs for him, they had not touched food for two days. Millet was encouraged to compete for a prize offered by the state for a figure of the Republic, but his design was returned because the goddess did not wear the "bonnet rouge." The state ordered, however, his 'Les Faneurs,' on the proceeds of which, sharing the money with a friend, he left Paris for Barbizon, where, though he came only for a holiday, he stayed through twenty-five years till his death.

To the fearful struggles of those twelve years at Paris succeed the years of Barbizon, a time of ceaseless production, growing fame,



and of the perpetual money troubles arising from his ignorance of affairs of business. Till the end of his life Millet got little for his pictures, and the great sums they finally realized went to those who had bought them for a trifle.

The Americans were his earliest appreciators, and many of his best pictures have found homes in the United States. The American artist, W. M. Hunt, became his firm friend in 1853, and spread the fame of the Barbizon master on his return to America. Many of his countrymen were cherished guests at Millet's table. Our biographer preserves their charming descriptions of his happy home-life with his children and of his wonderfully cultured mind fostered by his old habit of reading the classics of all countries. Wheelwright describes Millet as "not one of those with whom it is easy to make acquaintance. He does not let himself out to the first comer. Although the most kind-hearted of men and very gay at times, there is always a grand dignity about him which checks familiarity. Such were the primitive manners of the household, I could not help fancying myself far away in some remote age or country, under the tent, perhaps, of Abraham. Millet looks as if he had been bodily taken out of the Bible."

In 1868, among many reforms made in the Department of Fine Arts, came the abolition of the official Jury of the Salon, which broke the bonds which had so long fettered genius. The election of three-fourths of the jury was granted to artists holding the Salon medal, and exhibitors who had first and second medals were free of the jury. The Salon was opened every year. This enabled Millet to exhibit that year three pictures, one of which, 'L'Homme à la Houe,' no jury would have passed. It represented his central idea: "Il faut pouvoir faire servir le trivial à l'expression du sublime, c'est là la vraie force." In this lonely figure both sides of peasant life, the hardships of daily toil and the simple dignity of labor, are set forth. Its appearance was the signal for a storm of abuse. A man who could paint such subjects must be a socialist of the worst type, an anarchist trying to set the masses against the classes.

It must be left for the biographer to give a list of Millet's pictures and to tell the story of each. The 'Angelus,' the 'Glaneuses,' the 'Bergères,' are among the most widely known, and every picture lover can add other names nearly as famous. Eight of his finest works were to be seen at the Paris International Exhibition in 1867. From that date he became independent of patronage, and in 1870 was elected one of the Jury of the Salon. In 1873 enormous sums began to be paid for pictures he had sold long before. In 1874 he received an order from the Directors of the Fine Arts to paint a series of

eight pictures for the chapel of Ste. Geneviève, for which fifty thousand francs were to be paid. But this order, greatly as it gratified him, came too late. His health was broken by his labors and privations, and he did not live to fulfill it.

The Greville peasant boy had not starved and toiled in vain. He was a great man now. Men were ready to pay their thousands for pictures he had sold to get his daily bread. When he died, on January 20, 1875, a burst of lamentation was heard. France felt she had lost one of her illustrious painters. Many hearts were uneasy at the thought of how little he had been appreciated. The critics tried to repair the injustice of the past, and tokens of sympathy flowed in upon the brave helpmate of thirty years. Millet was among the many to be found in all ages and countries who at any cost fight the good fight for the real and the true. Happier than many, he lived long enough to see his object gained, and to convince the world that there was a beauty to be found in depicting the life of the peasant and honest toil. He had vindicated the right of these to serve as a valid object for art.

H. GRENFELL.

### The Philosophy of Knowledge.\*

Professor Ladd is a scholar of unusual attainments, yet as a metaphysician he sympathizes with the "plain man's" belief "in the unconditional truthfulness and the worth for all rational minds of certain of his own thoughts or ideas" (p. 599), and that notwithstanding the fact that "the more ignorant he is, perchance, the surer he is that the very truth of God and the truth of all the ages resides within himself" (ibid.). In this statement we find the key to Professor Ladd's method and conclusions. He avoids the childish delight in paradox which marks so many philosophers, but in doing it, adopts, with only trifling reservations, the "plain man's" views of reality and tries to find a justification for them all.

It is needless to say that the task Professor Ladd has set himself is incapable of successful accomplishment. The popular metaphysic which he adopts contains many inconsistencies, and he has not, I think, been able to eliminate them.

The "plain man" is usually quite sure at first glance that *this* which he sees or touches is itself a real, material thing. But after a little reflection he quite as usually concludes that vision, touch, and his other senses give him

\*The Philosophy of Knowledge: An Inquiry into the Nature, Limits, and Validity of Human, Cognitive Faculty.' By George Trumbull Ladd, Professor of Philosophy in Yale University. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1897; pp. xv, 614.

sensations only—the real thing, which exists where no one perceives it, must be something distinct from sensation, and the “plain man” regards it as the *cause* of his sensations. Naturally these two views are absolutely contradictory if the two words “exist” and “real thing” be used in the same sense in both. Professor Ladd yields his formal adherence to the second, but constantly strives in his detailed expositions to blend with it the other, the result being confusion worse confounded.

Cognition, we are told, is a process in consciousness as much as is a sensation or an emotion (pp. 342, 561), but it “transcends” experience, and “has reference to” a reality which is “extra mental,” “trans-subjective,” “outside experience.” The only reality directly, immediately, intuitively known to me is myself (chap. VII *et passim*). “All the further qualifications of things are known only conceptionally and as the projections into things, so to speak, of the immediately known qualifications of the self” (p. 225). “The knowledge of things remains an analogical interpretation of their apparent behavior into terms of a real nature corresponding in important characteristics to our own” (p. 227).

In what characteristics do things resemble our selves? Professor Ladd does not tell us all, regarding the problem as belonging to the premise of Ontology rather than to that of Epistemology; but we are told that to some things, e. g., other persons, we may ascribe nearly all our own characteristics; that to material things we may ascribe Activity (p. 298), Relation (p. 359), Change (p. 360), Identity and Difference (chap. IX), Causality (chap. X *et passim*). Professor Ladd does not claim that we may ascribe Beauty, Intelligence, and Morality to individual material things, but that the universe at large possesses these attributes he thinks a legitimate, although not incontestable (p. 521) inference. Moreover, he thinks that by regarding material things as in some way modes of an Absolute Self or Mind we make their existence the more intelligible (p. 533).

A gulf is thus shown to lie between “extra mental” reality and the mind—a gulf which mind spans by ascribing to that reality its own attributes. What things are is given only “if we accept in good faith the postulate of their being and behaving after the analogy of the self-known Self” (p. 424). What right have we to accept this postulate? The only answers Professor Ladd gives us are “Knowledge validates itself” (p. 424), “It is so” (p. 346), “The universal assumption of every cognitive judgment is this: ‘What is subjectively united in my act of judging belongs together in the unity of the really existent world’” (p. 150).

The theory I have just sketched is tolerably consistent and intelligible; moreover, Professor Ladd so often lays stress upon each and every feature of it that he must be regarded as holding it. It is an expansion of the second of the “plain man’s” two convictions regarding reality. But page by page Professor Ladd interweaves it with qualifications and contradictions based upon the first of these convictions. Lack of space prevents my giving more than a few illustrations.

Quite consistently with the above theories, reality is described as *causing* the phenomenon which self ascribes to it (p. 551 *et passim*). But we are often told that extra mental reality is *implicated* in experience. “Knowledge is an *intra* mental phenomenon, and yet it implicates an *extra* mental reality” (p. 403). “The trans-subjective is . . . the transcendent Real, present in experience” (p. 341). “The Reality of the Subject and the Reality of the Object and the actuality of that relation between subject and object which is essential to cognition are an indubitable experience in every act of self-consciousness. The existence of the subject and the existence of the object as herein given is not a matter of *mere thinking* or of *mere believing* or of *mere mental representation*” (p. 203; italics are mine). “On what precise terms of conscious recognition and appropriation, so to speak, is *that which exists beyond consciousness* discovered to be *part and parcel of man’s conscious and cognitive life*?” (p. 343; italics are mine). Clearly the thing is no longer an unknown something to which we impute the modifications of our selves; it is an actual constituent of experience.

In his first mood Professor Ladd regards cognition as “the mental representation of the real being and actual transactions of things” (p. 532). In his second, as I have shown, he regards that real being as *implicated*, i. e., contained in cognition. In a third, he swings to the other extreme and holds that the theory which “considers the perception of things as a species of photography” is “crude and easily disproved” (p. 568). Again, “My sensations are nothing external to my mind; *nor can they be regarded as copies of or impressions derived from anything external*. They are positively nothing but modifications of my sensory consciousness” (p. 561; italics are mine). Comment is superfluous.

One more illustration must suffice. On pp. 527-28 we read “What . . . not-selves really are and what they actually do can be known only as the mind constitutes them after the analogy of the self-known self.” This is Professor Ladd’s first doctrine. He then proceeds to say that the “principles of identity and of sufficient reason implicate this self-like constitu-

tion of things." We have already seen that identity and causality are among the attributes of the self that it ascribes to things, but Professor Ladd seems to regard "implicate" as equivalent to *reveal*, for he draws the conclusion, after a few unimportant intermediate steps, that "*the system of interrelated beings which are the objects of knowledge is known only through its manifestations of the attributes of a self.*" In other words, we first ascribe the attributes of our selves to things, and then, delighted by discovering in things the attributes of a self, we infer that they reveal to us a self other than ourselves—that is, a God!

And the argument is concluded by a statement upon which I venture no comment: "Whatever characteristics which we know to belong to our selves must be excluded from our conception of this system; still, only such implicates as the self knows itself to have can be included in the conception."

WILLIAM ROMAINE NEWBOLD.

### The History of Religion.\*

Mr. Jevons, well known for his studies in ancient customs and folk-lore, has produced a book that merits for several reasons to be called remarkable. Its most striking feature lies in the method employed by the author. Religion is treated by Mr. Jevons from the anthropological point of view. He has gathered his material most industriously, has arranged it most skillfully, and for the first time makes an attempt at a rational interpretation of the data furnished by the anthropological researches in the field of religious phenomena. The method and point of view of the author account also for the omissions of the book. The so-called Positive Religions are excluded as lying beyond the province of anthropology, which confines itself to religions "practiced as a matter of custom and tradition," and not imposed by the authority of any founder. As a contrast to Positive Religions, Jevons chooses the very happy designation "Customary Religions." The author's work is therefore to be judged from the point of view of the limitations deliberately imposed. It is not properly an introduction to the History of Religions, but an introduction to one phase of the History of Religions. With this limitation clearly noted, Jevons's work merits a front rank among introductions. It possesses to an eminent degree one of the most necessary qualities of an introduction—suggestiveness; nor does it fail in a second essential quality—interest. No one can fail to be stimulated by the vigor and the clearness of the author's arguments, and it is difficult to imagine any

cultivated person who will not feel interested in what Jevons has to say.

In the introduction he puts himself *en rapport* with his readers. His remarks about the much-abused comparative method in the study of religions are especially to be commended. The objections against the employment of the method are answered in a very simple and yet effective manner by Mr. Jevons. The comparative method does not assume that religions are alike, but on the contrary that they differ from one another; nor does the method imply that the process of development is the same for all religions, but it enables us to supply frequently the missing links in this development by a careful study of the processes of thought and association involved in the ceremonialism of savage and semi-barbarous cults. Jevons properly lays great stress on the *continuum* running through the forms of religion. Evolution in religion has little or nothing to do with progress, but the factor of evolution is constantly at play.

Having prepared his readers for the general method to be followed in the book, our author proceeds to an outline of his argument. At first blush, the series of chapters of the book seem to be rather loosely strung together, and even with Mr. Jevons's explanation of the sequence in the chapters, the 'Introduction' does not appear to be arranged in an altogether logical manner.

Jevons begins with a chapter on the 'Supernatural,' and then passes on to 'Sympathetic Magic' and to the savage's view of 'Life and Death.' From these themes he passes on to 'Taboo and Totemism.' The order is suggested by the accident that Mr. Jevons has a novel thesis to present, and one that he properly regards as fundamental. 'Sympathetic Magic,' he holds, does not involve the belief in the Supernatural, but represents in a strict sense the logic of the primitive mind; and he furthermore concludes that sympathetic magic is not essentially bound up with religion, which begins in reality where primitive logic (or sympathetic magic) comes to an end. We doubt whether many scholars will be found who will accept so revolutionary a proposition, not, indeed, because it is revolutionary, but because it attempts a differentiation between two factors, the natural and supernatural, which could not well have been distinguished by man until he had reached a comparatively advanced stage of thought, and, what is more, conscious thought. It is of the essence of the primitive mind to confuse the natural with the supernatural. The regular occurrences in nature are as miraculous to the savage, because produced by powers over which he has no control, as the interruptions of the regularity. For this reason, if for no other, sympathetic magic, while representing an attempt to discover the

\*"An Introduction to the History of Religion," by Frank Byron Jevons. London: Methuen & Co.; New York: Macmillan Company.

laws underlying natural occurrences, and thus to control in a measure the latter, necessarily involves the acceptance of the supernatural. Fortunately, Mr. Jevons's thesis does not affect the impartiality of his general treatment of the subject, though now and again a certain prejudice toward an individual conception of religion, superinduced by this thesis, crops out and is particularly noticeable in the closing chapter of 'The Evolution of Belief.'

The most satisfactory chapters in the work are those on Taboo, Sacrifice, and on Mysteries. They also constitute, it must be added (barring, perhaps, the chapters on the Mysteries), the least original portions of the author's investigations. In his treatment of the significance of sacrifice in religions, he follows, as he expressly states, the views developed by the late Robertson Smith in his profound study on 'The Religions of the Semites.' The tribute thus paid to the life-work of this remarkable scholar, who died much too soon, is noteworthy. With Frazer (in his magnificent study in comparative religions, 'The Golden Bough') and Jevons as disciples, there is little fear that Robertson Smith's theory of sacrifice will not stand the test of future attacks. It is to be hoped that Jevons's work will prompt more particularly those students of religion who approach the subject from the side of Greek and Roman Mythology and Customs to a careful study of Robertson Smith's researches.

Taken as a whole, Jevons's treatise is the most noteworthy contribution to the subject made in recent years. As a summary of modern investigations from the anthropological point of view of such themes as Totemism, Taboo worship in its various forms, Ancestor, Tree, Plant, and Nature worship, it cannot easily be surpassed. A wealth of material is placed before the student in such a manner that he can easily proceed to the interpretation of the facts. We would also commend the chapters on Mythology and Priesthood as full of suggestions and admirable illustrations of Jevons's method. While scholars may differ from him with regard to details, all will be impressed by the sympathetic spirit with which Jevons approaches not only the subject as a whole, but its various subdivisions. His method is no less commendable than his spirit, and method is three-fourths in the study of religion. None of the features entering as elements in the evolution of religion—psychology, philosophy, environment, and the like—are left out of consideration, even though more stress is occasionally laid upon one factor than is, perhaps, due. Jevons's book is indispensable to every serious-minded student of religions; and the sooner the student takes up this book, the better will it be for him.

MORRIS JASTROW, JR.

## Recent British Verse.

### THE RAILWAY.

Upon the iron highway, wreathed in smoke,  
Or East or West the clanking engine reels,  
The weary dust spins onward at the stroke  
Of half-a-hundred wheels.

It comes, the breathless driver staring straight  
Through misty eye-holes, with the sudden gleam  
Of burnished dome, and cranks of ponderous weight,  
And clouds of hissing steam.

Old countrymen, that trudge from new-ploughed  
lands,  
And on high bridges stay their weary feet,  
See faces flashed beneath them, waving hands  
That may not stay to greet.

Or slow, with hollow blast and wealthy din,  
By wide-armed signals creeps the laden train,  
High vans with shuddering jolt, and clinking pin,  
And hiss of clattering chain.

Wide-eyed, affrighted cattle, meek and still;  
And murky coal for city folk to burn,  
And dusty blocks hewed from some Western hill,  
And wreathed in twisted fern.

But best of all, when, in the sullen night,  
Along the dim embankment, hung in air,  
Shoots the red streamer, linked with cheerful light;  
The wide-flung furnace-glare

Lights the dim hedges and the rolling steam:—  
Then passes, and in narrowing distance dies,  
Tracked by the watchful lanterns' lessening gleam—  
Two red resentful eyes.

—From 'Lord Vyet and Other Poems,' by Arthur  
Christopher Benson. London: John Lane.

### REGRETS.

As, when the seaward ebbing tide doth pour  
Out by the low sand spaces,  
The parting waves slip back to clasp the shore  
With lingering embraces,—

So in the tide of life that carries me  
From where thy true heart dwells,  
Waves of my thoughts and memories turn to thee  
With lessening farewells;

Waving of hands; dreams, when the day forgets;  
A care half lost in cares;  
The saddest of my verses; dim regrets;  
Thy name among my prayers.

I would the day might come, so waited for,  
So patiently besought,  
When I, returning, should fill up once more  
Thy desolated thought;

And fill thy loneliness that lies apart  
In still, persistent pain.  
Shall I content thee, O thou broken heart,  
As the tide comes again,

And brims the little sea-shore lakes, and sets  
Seaweeds afloat, and fills  
The silent pools, rivers and rivulets  
Among the inland hills?

—From 'Poems,' by Mrs. Alice Meynell. London:  
John Lane.



## Book Notes.

'Ballads of Lost Haven' (Boston: Lamson, Wolfe, & Co.) is the latest volume of verse by Mr. Bliss Carman. The stormy scenes of the eventful Bay of Fundy have impressed this Canadian poet with a fine knowledge of the moods of the sea, which by an effective command of rhythm and phrase he is often able to express with admirable result. Thanks to the romanticism of Byron, Heine, and Hugo, the sea, after many centuries of neglect, was re-established in favor as a theme for literary treatment. The living poets, Swinburne, Watson, and Kipling, all sing of it—each under distinctive aspects. Swinburne is matchless in depicting it as a flowerless, deathless waste; Mr. Watson sees its infinite complexity; to Mr. Kipling it appears as the element against which is revealed the steadfast daring of the British sailor. To Mr. Carman the sea has a character still different. It is a creature of moods—now endued with the gruff humor of a grave-digger,—

"For sure and swift, with a guiding light,  
He shovels the dead men down,"—

singing the while a ballad of eld,—

"And merry enough is the burden rough,  
But no man knows the tongue."

Again he feels the grim vigor of its spirit when the sea is in uproar, and can—

"Hear the grim marauder shake out the reefs of  
storm".

"The whitecaps froth and freshen; in squadrons  
of white surge

They thunder on to ruin, and smoke along the  
verge.

The lift is black above them, the sea is mirk  
below,

And down the world's wide border they perish  
as they go."

Again, the mood shifts to the quiet reaches of  
marsh and shallow where the sea goes—

"Searching with many voices among the marshes  
wide.

Under the quiet starlight, up through the stirring  
reeds,

With whispering and lamenting it rises and  
recedes."

Associated with the sea the poet finds the human  
interests of sailor and ship. As one reads, many a  
picture rises up to the lover of the sea, and he can  
hear the whistle of the wind in the ropes and feel  
the heave and roll of the boat beneath him.

"She made for the lost horizon line,  
Where the clouds a-castled lay,  
While the boil and seethe of the open sea  
Hung on her frothing way."

"With the sea wolves on her quarter,  
And a white bone in her teeth,  
He will steer the shadow cruiser,  
Dark before and doom beneath."

The title of 'Lost Haven' indicates how uniformly  
these verses treat of shipwreck and death. Hence  
the verses depict the drowning sailor—

"A crushed corpse shot to seaward,  
With the gray doom in its face;  
And the climbing foam receives it  
To its everlasting place;"

and again the wrecked ship that—

" . . . . . lies  
With the sea dredging through her ports,  
The white sand through her eyes."

These lyrics are not without faults at times,—an  
inexcusable obscurity, a superabundance of obvious  
alliteration, and a lack of the highest finish of form  
and thought. Too often the lines are filled in from  
the rime; too often the strong effect is sought by  
mere artifice of word; too often the effect is marred  
by absolutely poverty of thought. Refrains such as

"O Yanna, Adrianna"

will damn a poem as effectively as "Sophonisba,  
Sophonisba, O!" damned a certain drama. Without  
further criticism of a volume of lyrics that will yield  
much pleasure to every reader of poetry, we quote  
the last stanzas of a poem having both strength,  
beauty, and pathos, 'The Last Watch,' the dying  
song of a warrior of the sea:—

"Kiss me on the cheek for courage,  
(There is none to greet me home,)  
Then farewell to your old lover  
Of the thunder of the foam;

For the grass is full of slumber  
In the twilight world for me,  
And my tired hands are slackened  
From their toiling on the sea."

It is not only in France apparently that young  
gentleman can be as sad as night only for wanton-  
ness. 'A Shropshire Lad,' in this beautifully printed  
book of lyrics, moves our compassion by his many  
woes. His sweetheart disapproves of him, and he  
goes to be a soldier. He is overcome by the extra-  
ordinary discovery that people must die sooner or  
later. Various homicidal and suicidal episodes  
darken his life. Like a true Englishman he takes his  
pleasure sadly,—

"Twice a week the winter through  
Here I stood to keep the goal:  
Football then was fighting sorrow  
For the young man's soul.

Now in Maytime to the wicket  
Out I march with hat and pad:  
See the son of grief at cricket  
Trying to be glad."

In one of the most tragical lyrics, the crowning  
thought of desolation, is delightfully English:

"And long will stand the empty plate  
And dinner will be cold."

This is the remark of a fratricide apparently after  
the murder.

Only in the very end of the book does Mr. Housman  
drop the mask and let us into the joke. Poor little  
Alice, it will be remembered, was deeply affected by  
the woes of the Mock-Turtle until the Gryphon said  
rudely: "Bless you, he haint got no sorrows. It's  
only his imagination." And our author supplies not  
only the poetry but in another form the very criti-  
cism of the bluff-mannered Gryphon:

"Terence, this is stupid stuff;  
You eat your victuals fast enough;  
There can't be much amiss, 'tis clear,  
To see the rate you drink your beer.

But oh, good Lord, the verse you make,  
It gives a chap the belly-ache.  
The cow, the old cow she is dead;  
It sleeps well, the horned head;  
We, poor lads, 'tis our turn now  
To hear such tunes as killed the cow."

With the first, fifth and sixth lines of this quotation, the reviewer agrees thoroughly, but he would not think, of course, of putting the facts quite so bluntly. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.)

'The Choir Invisible' is one of the most successful books of the season. There are in it an unusual depth and a truer artistic feeling than Mr. Allen has hitherto shown, and the characters and the scenic descriptions are so closely connected that each is the exponent of the other, and the result is subtly effective. Moreover, there is no suspicion of coarseness throughout the book, and it would seem by this that the author has, in becoming a greater writer, become a greater man. The story is built about one woman,—a gentlewoman in the world's best meaning. Born before the Revolution and brought up in one of the most beautiful country-places of old Virginia, she married a soldier—to her an absolutely uncongenial man—and went to live in a pioneer's camp in the new country of Kentucky. Civilization there was in its earliest stages, and the actual work of the place, farming, gardening, cooking, spinning,—all had to be done by the belle of many brilliant dinners and receptions. Through it all she remains a broad-minded, cultivated woman, clever enough to appreciate her own mental powers, and to make the most of every opportunity for growth. It is during this struggle for intellectual as well as material good that John Gray, a young schoolmaster, appears. The friendship of Mrs. Falconer and John Gray is the strongest force in their lives, and when it develops into love, unacknowledged by either one, he goes away to study and practice law in Philadelphia. After many struggles he marries from a sense of obligation and becomes an almost too-successful business man. In the meantime Major Falconer has died, and Mrs. Falconer, having grown rich during the many years since John Gray went away, has reproduced on the farm in Kentucky her old Virginia home. But they never see each other again, and only John Gray's son returns to Kentucky to bear the memory of his father's face to the faithful woman.

What chiefly characterize both Mrs. Falconer and John Gray are their high standards of honor and the purity of their ideals. For both are idealists. While the schoolmaster was recovering from a wound dealt him in a fierce and exciting fight with a panther, Mrs. Falconer lent him and he read Sir Thomas Malory's 'Morte D'Arthur.' The heroic tales took possession of him and moulded his character through their influence. Indeed, the 'Morte D'Arthur' pervades the whole story, and the aim of the 'Choir Invisible' is to point out the possibility and the beauty of a nineteenth century knightliness and chivalry.

The motif of the book may be found in the following quotation, taken from the twentieth chapter: "In the country of the Spirit there is a certain high table-land that lies far on among the out-posts toward Eternity. Standing in that calm clear height, where the sun shines ever though it shines coldly, the wayfarer may look behind him at his own foot-prints of self-renunciation, below in his dark zones of storm, and forward to the final land where the mystery, the pain, and the yearning of his life will either be infinitely satisfied or infinitely quieted. But no man can write a description of this place for

those who have never trodden it; by those who have, no description is desired: their fullest speech is Silence. For here dwells the love of which there has never been any confession, from which there is no escape, for which there is no hope: the love of a man for a woman who is bound to another, or the love of a woman for a man who is bound to another. Many there are who know what that means, and this is the reason why the land is always thronged. But in the throng no one signals another; to walk there is to be counted among the Unseen and the Alone."

The title of the volume refers of course to the well-known poem of George Eliot's; its bearing on the novel is rendered clear in the description of the schoolhouse and its occupants, a picture surely drawn from personal observation, which ends with its reference to "the young schoolmaster, who seemed exempt from frailty while he guarded like a sentinel that lone out-post of the alphabet—he too has long since gained the choir invisible of the immortal dead." (New York: The Macmillan Company.)

The Prisoner of Zenda is not the only man who has been personated by a wandering Englishman in search of adventures. The hero in 'By Right of Sword,' by A. W. Marchmont, likewise takes upon himself the burden of sustaining another man's identity. But it is no kingly rôle he is called upon to play; on the contrary he steps into the shoes of a cowardly scoundrel, for whose debts and intrigues of various kinds he makes himself responsible. The scene is laid in Moscow and the narrative thrills with duels, plots, and counterplots, exciting adventures with Nihilists, secret police, and abductors of damsels. The interest is well sustained to the end, culminating in an attempted assassination of the Czar; but on the whole, the hero is by no means a man to be admired unless personal bravery be deemed the one thing admirable. He loses the sympathy of the reader at the outset by his treatment of the unoffending husband of the woman by whom he himself had been jilted, and throughout his Russian career he acts entirely on the principle that the end justifies the means. However, his adventures are sufficiently well told to be extremely entertaining, though they lack the charm of romantic reality. One is beguiled neither into thinking them true, nor into wishing they were so, but the movement is rapid enough to carry the reader with it. The book is well printed and tastefully bound and the illustrations are attractively sensational. (New York: The New Amsterdam Book Co.)

Clark Russell's 'Wreck of the Corsaire' sets sail on the literary ocean rigged out in the daintiest binding and having all the sea-room in liberal margins that could be desired. The narrative itself can be read in less than two hours, and, while possessing neither the vivid power of the 'Frozen Pirate,' nor the breezy call of 'List, Ye Landsmen!' it is an interesting account of the adventures of the unfortunate Mr. Catesby, who becomes proprietor of a wreck in the Indian Ocean. The technical terms require a more than limited acquaintance with nautical matters, and the writer falls into such errors as the use of a descriptive sentence that floats ponderously across the latitude of a page. But we forgive him for this when we feel the magic of a moonlight night in the Tropics stealing over us,—when "every sail was a square of pearl. . . . and every shroud a rope of silver wire." Clark Russell has given us many moods of the sea, but this black Indian Ocean with the stars that "blaze in the velvet blue" is a thrilling sight that we are quite content to read about by our Northern firesides. The wrecked 'Corsaire' is something of a phantom ship, and there is an unpleasant

ghastliness about the three scoundrel sailors who are all conveniently murdered. The treasure in the cabin is, of course, an old story, but, in these days of gold fever, we regard it leniently and only regret that the hero is not able to carry off the chest of riches. The ending is rather of the Stockton order, and we may some day meet with the old hulk of the 'Corsaire' again, and find in Mr. Catesby a Saxon Monte Cristo. (Chicago: Charles H. Sergel Co.)

The interest in 'Renée Orliès,' the last novel of Henri Ardel, centres in the young girl whose name gives the title to the story. Orphaned by the death of her mother and the absence of her father seeking his fortune in America, she preserves in the luxurious home of her selfish aunt a sweetness of nature and a filial affection chaste, powerful, and expansive. The entanglement comes with her father's return to France, when Renée leaves the home and favor of her aunt to comfort him in poverty and ill health, sacrificing at the same time her projected marriage to the Marquis de Luyse, a hero somewhat after the Byronic ideal. A further entanglement arises when the Marquis, who proves true to his love of Renée, encounters the opposition of his mother, and Renée sacrifices her love to her duty. The dénouement is reached through the courage and devotion of Renée during an epidemic, which conquer the consent of the old Marquise. The scene is partly in Paris, partly in Brittany. The story has something of the freshness and spirit of a spring morning, but the chief interest lies in the glimpse it affords of the *vie intime* of a part of France which the realist apparently never sees, but which nevertheless is the happy portion we are often assured of the great mass of the nation. (Paris: Plon.)

Longmans, Green, and Company have issued in a neat and attractive volume six lectures of Professor Samuel Rawson Gardiner on 'Cromwell's Place in History.' No other student speaks of the Puritan Revolution with such authority as does Professor Gardiner; his work in this field is that of an acknowledged master. In this volume, as in others, Professor Gardiner deserves the title of "the judicial historian;" for he carefully preserves his poise and is neither hypercritical nor given to extravagant commendation. The six lecture subjects are: (i) The Puritan and Constitutional Opposition; (ii) Cromwell in the Civil War; (iii) The Commonwealth and the Three Nations; (iv) Cromwell and the Parliament of the Commonwealth; (v) The Protectorate; and (vi) Recapitulatory. The first lecture makes a clear statement of the forces that were held in a state of disturbed equilibrium in England and from a conflict of which came the Revolution. The second outlines the conflict between these forces and treats of the progress of the Revolution. In this the short-sightedness of those who bore the direction of the various parties is dwelt upon, and expressed at times by such epithets as "almost unexampled stupidity." In the general mismanagement which marked all parties Cromwell is the man who is found to stand supreme. "He saw dimly, as in a mist, the varied elements of progress. Though he could not himself combine them in a coherent whole, he could at least strike down with a heavy blow that one which at any given moment threatened to overpower the rest" (p. 43). This extract represents in brief the author's point of view in the lectures on the Three Nations, the Commonwealth, and the Protectorate. The recapitulatory lecture is, we believe, the fairest brief statement ever made of Cromwell's place in history. Two treatments of Cromwell are familiar: the first of these may be termed that of the Royal-

ists who can view his work only as something wholly and irretrievably bad; the second that of the hero-worshippers of the Carlyle stamp who find in Cromwell an unappreciated ideal. The first class look upon Cromwell as one guilty of his country's blood; the second look upon him as little less than a god. With what pleasure do we turn to the estimate which is as he himself wished to be represented,—as he was. Cromwell, Mr. Gardiner finds, was a great destructive force sustained by means of an army; but despite his strength, he failed miserably in the establishment of his ideas as he failed in the establishment of a dynasty. He is "the typical Englishman of the modern world. . . . All the incongruities of human nature may be traced somewhere or other in Cromwell's career. . . . It is time for us to regard him as he was, with all his physical and moral audacity, with all his tenderness and spiritual yearnings, in the world of action what Shakspeare was in the world of thought, the greatest because the most typical Englishman of all time. . . . He stands there not to be implicitly followed, but to hold up a mirror to ourselves, wherein we may see alike our weakness, and our strength" (pp. 113-116).

The Harvard Historical Studies furnish to the special student a short road to the original sources of our history. One of the best of the series is a recently issued 'Study of Nullification in South Carolina,' by David P. Houston. There is a general belief that the whole trouble in South Carolina was occasioned by the defection in national politics and the ambition of one man, Calhoun. This volume makes clear the fact that Calhoun was led by the state rather than the state led by him. South Carolina had been consistent from the first in her opposition to high import duties imposed merely for protection, not for the sake of revenue; and in the first Congress she had entered her protest against them. When, therefore, Calhoun favored protective duties in the early part of his public career, he did not truly represent his state. The 'Study' centres about the constitutional theories, the grounds on which the state based her right to nullify a national law. South Carolina laid great stress on the Kentucky and Virginia Resolutions, and even cited the Hartford convention, though with ill grace, for the South Carolina legislature had before condemned the action of that convention. The example of Georgia, which had for years defied the general government with impunity, was also made conspicuous. The arguments advanced all pointed to one conclusion,—that a state is sovereign and has the right to render a national law null and void, if detrimental to its interests. The avowed cause of the conclusive step taken by the state was, as is well known, the excessive import duties of the 'Bill of Abominations' of 1828, and the tariff of 1832. But the student who searches deeper will find that slavery was the ultimate cause of the disturbance; for it was slavery that rendered the state incapable of becoming a manufacturing centre, and a state without manufactures could not be benefited by the nation's establishment of a protective tariff. Mr. Houston writes for the special student of American history, but his style and method of treatment are such that his volume will prove interesting to the general reader. (New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.)

'Some Aspects of the Religious Life in New England, with Special Reference to Congregationalists' is the title of a volume which gives permanent form to lectures delivered by Rev. George Leon Walker, D. D., at the Hartford Seminary. Perhaps few more valuable, certainly few more entertaining, studies in religious history have lately been published. It is the

story, not of the ecclesiastical affairs of New England, but of its religious life, and it is told out of real acquaintance with the facts, as well as with the necessary sympathy,—and yet with rare judgment, fine historic spirit, and a pleasant sense of humor. (Silver, Burdett, & Co.)

The two lectures on 'The Claims of the Old Testament,' delivered by Professor Stanley Leathes, at the Princeton Sesquicentennial celebration, are published by Charles Scribner's Sons. Professor Leathes defends the traditional view regarding the authorship and inspiration of the Old Testament Scriptures, and does it, it must be said, with more zeal than scholarship.

A useful compilation of the election laws of Pennsylvania has been made by the Hon. Jesse M. Baker. There seems nothing omitted from it as respects the texts of election acts, forms of affidavits, certificates of nomination, duties of assessors, laws concerning bribery, betting, etc. It affords a very full account of the ballot law and the method of voting by ballot. A full-page illustration shows the scene of the typical polling-booth under the ballot law, where even the presence of that indispensable adjunct of American civilization, the cuspidor, is officially recognized. This commendable compilation is revised for 1897 and published under the title of 'The Voter's Guide' by William G. Johnston & Co., Pittsburg, Pa.

The ultimate decision as to the value of the proverbial pudding that is to be proved rests not with the connoisseur in cookery but with the particular persons for whom the pudding is prepared. When therefore the authors of 'Citizen Bird' declare at the outset that their book is for boys and girls, naturally the merits of the book are to be estimated by the value which boys and girls place upon it. For 'Citizen Bird' is not a school text-book which children are to be compelled to study whether they like it or not; it appeals to the public solely on its merits—on its intrinsic power to interest children. That the book actually does interest children we have ample proof. We have tried it on several of them of different ages, from little Miss Curly-head, aged "five going on six," to the dignified high-school boy of sixteen. They all like it. And why shouldn't they? The subject matter in itself is attractive to children. Most of them at least are interested in birds—in their appearance, their habits, their nests, and their food. Then too, this subject matter is presented in an attractive style. The text consists for the most part of simple but lively narrative and dialogue, abundantly and beautifully illustrated. When it is added that the binding is neat and tasteful, the paper of exceptionally high quality, and the type large and clear, it is easy enough to see why the young people like the book. It is gratifying withal to older critics to feel that scientific accuracy has not been sacrificed to attractiveness. The names on the title page of Dr. Elliott Coues and Louis Agassiz Fuertes as co-workers with Mabel Osgood Wright satisfy in this regard. We noticed indeed that the illustration of the American robin does not give the ample fullness of breast which characterizes that bird, and that the blue-bird on the contrary is less full-breasted than the artist depicts it. Nor is the attitude of the wood-pewee quite characteristic. When resting he usually sits more at rest than the picture shows him. On the other hand the knowledge and skill of the artist are well displayed in the wonderful life and spirit he has given to the pictures of many of the other birds, notably of the blue-jay, the king-fisher, and the loon. (New York: The Macmillan Company.)

Of guide-books for Rome we have already a generous supply in English, although we have nothing as useful as that of Gsell-Fels in German. But the latest addition, 'A Handbook to Christian and Ecclesiastical Rome,' deserves a welcome, as it deals in extenso with a neglected subject. Part I treats of the churches and catacombs, Part II will discuss the Liturgy, and Parts III and IV in one volume, 'Monasticism in Rome' and 'Ecclesiastical Rome.' The first part, the only one published as yet, supplies the readers with full information as to the origin and history of the leading churches and of the catacombs, with brief biographies of the principal saints, and with explanations of the many Christian symbols. It is prefaced by a good bibliography, which does not, however, contain by any means all the works that are quoted in the volume or which should be consulted by the serious student; e. g., note the omissions of Lanciai's works, of Renan's 'Origines,' and of the 'Bulletin.' In an appendix is a visitor's calendar, which is even more useful than Baedeker's.

The most interesting and novel chapter, at least for the English reader, is one on the history, art, symbolism, and inscriptions of the catacombs. Unfortunately, the illustrations of inscriptions throughout the book lose much by not being reproduced in fac-simile. Such a representation as that on page 50 is ludicrous. The actual errors that we have noted are too few and too unimportant to deserve mention. The work is excellently done and the volume is indispensable to anyone who intends to spend a month or more in sight-seeing in the Eternal City. (New York: The Macmillan Company.)

That industrious compiler Mr. Andrew J. George has passed his drag-net through the poets and critics and gathered together a useful commentary to 'The Ancient Mariner.' Mr. George adds nothing where the usual commentaries are silent, even when a suggestion and accurate note would be in place; as, for example,

"Like noises in a swound."

"The water, like a witch's oils,  
Burnt green, and blue, and white."

However, the happy thought of reprinting the first edition of the poem will atone for many omissions. (Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.)

'Freshman Composition' is a somewhat useful little treatise by Henry G. Pearson, on the collegian's first year's work in English composition. One must, however, make a criticism of it as of so many similar books. It tries to teach composition without the stimulus and guidance of the great writers. Literary power does not come with such themes as "Why A— Academy has no Baseball Team" or "What my Fitting School Needs Most." The sooner the method pursued by Robert Louis Stevenson is applied, the sooner will that feeling for beauty of phrase and harmonious adjustment be secured, and the student of English composition be lifted into that atmosphere in which alone he can catch the secret of effective writing. (Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.)

A really great work of art is like a work of nature, in that it remains ever infinite to our comprehension: we contemplate it, we are sensible to it, it influences us; yet we are unable to recognize its full meaning, still less can its true essence, its entire merit, be expressed in words.—Goethe.

He has only to become old in order to become less critical. I see no error made which I might not myself have committed.—Goethe.



## Notes and Announcements.

### THE STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION AS A FACTOR IN UNIVERSITY EXTENSION IN AMERICA.

The primary object of a students' association is to give students an opportunity to compare ideas and to profit by the counsel of a well-informed leader. But this is not its only object. University extension work is an effort to bring into the lives of all, not only a certain grade of information but also a wider and deeper sympathy with all that makes for right living. The lecturer gives both information and inspiration, but only an association of students can make them effective all the year. A feeling of despair takes possession of many persons in an average university extension audience while listening to a brilliant exposition of some unfamiliar fact in history, literature or philosophy. The very magnitude of the step to be taken before they can reach the lecturer's standpoint makes all effort seem useless. If, however, the subject has been a topic of common conversation during the winter and people have had an opportunity to become partially familiar with it, they come to the lectures anxious to have their hazy ideas made clear.

The educational value of this preparatory work cannot be over-estimated. It has also a financial value. An active students' association keeps the interest alive between the lecture courses and increases the size of university extension audiences. What is better still, it furnishes an opportunity for thoughtful people to discuss a worthy subject unimpeded by unnecessary social formalities.

The students' association should be a pure democracy, free from all social distinctions. The class leader and all officers should be elected by the members. Each leader will choose his own way of conducting the class, but all work done before the lectures begin should aim at giving a correct and clear outline of the subject under consideration, leaving the lecturer to supply details and settle disputed points. One or two books well read and discussed by all the students give better results than many books consulted by different persons. Where no leader can be found, good work has been done under the direction of a small committee elected from the students.

The meetings of the association should occur not less frequently than once in two weeks, in some room furnished to encourage sociability, where all feel equally at home. In private houses there is an inevitable tendency to exclusiveness. Every effort should be made to secure a free expression of opinion. All should be made welcome and no one frightened away by enforcing such work as writing and reading papers. The freer and more democratic an association is the more permanent and far-reaching its results will be.

Many students feel it is impossible to give an evening to the students' association in addition to the one spent with the lecturer. Where these are in a majority the association is closed before the lectures begin, and the students have no chance to compare notes except when the class meets the lecturer. This plan has many disadvantages. The class immediately before or after the lecture is always larger than the students' association, and unless the

lecturer has the unusual quality of being a *teacher* also, the direction of the class drifts away from the needs of the student. It is increasingly difficult to get students to take the examination when they cease to meet in the comparative privacy of their own association, and it is just in these last six weeks of the course that the need of the association is most keenly felt.

### LIBRARY CO-OPERATION WITH UNIVERSITY EXTENSION COURSES.

The October 'Bulletin' of the Carnegie library, of Pittsburg announces the cooperation of the library with the lecturers as follows: "It is hoped that the students of the university extension courses will make much use of the library in connection with the lectures. Before the beginning of each course a list of books on the subject of the course will be posted in the delivery room, and books and magazine articles will be reserved on special shelves in the reference room for the use of those attending the lectures."

### FREE LECTURES IN PHILADELPHIA.

Free lectures are offered by the Drexel Institute, Philadelphia, on the subjects and at dates as follows: By Mr. Charles H. Cadlin, B. A., (i) 'Mural Painting in America,' November 9, at 4 p. m., (ii) 'Sculpture and Painting in the New Library of Congress,' November 16, 4 p. m.; by Mr. Huber Gray Buehler, M. A., 'The Battle of Gettysburg,' November 12, 8 p. m.; by Professor J. Howard Gore, Ph.D., 'In the Wake of the Pilgrims,' November 23, 8 p. m.; by Mr. Sidney Dickinson, M.A., (i) 'The Moors in Spain,' November 30, 8 p. m., (ii) 'The Painters of Spain: Velasquez and Murillo,' December 7, 8 p. m.; by Rev. C. P. H. Nason, (i) 'Jeanne d'Arc—Her Origin, Mission, and Triumph,' December 3, 4 p. m., (ii) 'Her Abandonment, Martyrdom, and Glorification,' December 10, 4 p. m. The course of free public concerts and lectures on music will begin on November 4, at 8 p. m., with a lecture by Mr. Thomas W. Surette, of the American Society of University Extension, on 'Wagner: The Music Drama,' and continue on November 11, 18, December 2, 9, and 16.

The Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia offers free Ludwick Institute courses of lectures on the natural sciences. These lectures will be delivered in the lecture hall of the Academy, at 4.30 p. m. The subjects are 'Malacology,' Professor Henry A. Pilsbry, November 1, 8, 15, 22, 29, December 6; 'Geology,' Professor Angelo Heilprin, November 2, 9, 16, 23, 30, December 7; 'Invertebrate Zoology,' Dr. Benjamin Sharp, November 3, 10, 17, 24, December 1, 8; 'Vertebrate Zoology,' Witmer Stone, M.A., November 5, 12, 19, 26, December 3, 10; 'Hygiene and Sanitation,' Dr. Seneca Egbert, January 7, 14, 21, 28, February 4, 11; 'Botany,' Mr. Stewardson Brown, January 10, 17, 24, 31, February 7, 14; 'Entomology,' Professor Henry Skinner, January 12, 19, 26, February 2, 9, 16.

The Wagner Free Institute of Science offers ten weeks' courses at 8 p. m.:—Mondays, Professor S. T. Wagner, 'Engineering Materials;' Tuesdays, Professor W. B. Scott, 'Historical Geology;' Wednesdays, Professor R. E. Thompson, 'History;' Thursdays, Professor G. F. Stradling, 'Magnetism;' Fridays, Professor Henry Leffmann, 'Chemistry;' Saturdays, Professor Emily G. Hunt, 'Chapters from the Life of Plants.' These courses are now in session.

## BALL-BEARING

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## Lecture Announcements of the American Society of University Extension. AUTUMN COURSES, 1897.

At the time THE CITIZEN goes to press the following courses have been definitely arranged:

### CENTRES IN PHILADELPHIA.

CENTRE.	LECTURER.	SUBJECT.	DATES OF LECTURES.
Association Local, . . . 15th and Chestnut sts.	Frederick H. Sykes . . .	Victorian Poets . . . . .	Nov. 5, 12, 19, 26, Dec. 3, 10.
Bainbridge Street . . . Church of the Crucifixion, Eighth and Bainbridge sts.	Thomas W. Surette . . .	Great Composers: Romantic Period .	Nov. 11, 18, 25, Dec. 2, 9, 16.
Church of the Covenant, 27th and Girard ave.	Thomas W. Surette . . .	Great Composers: Romantic Period .	Nov. 12, 19, 26, Dec. 3, 10, 17.
Hebrew Literature Soc'y, Kensington . . . . .	Clyde B. Furst . . . . . Robert E. Thompson . . .	The Greater English Novelists . . . American History: Social and Indus- trial . . . . .	Sept. 26, Oct. 3, 10, 17, 24. Oct. 8, 15, 22, 29, Nov. 5, 12.
Light House . . . . .	Clyde B. Furst . . . . .	The Greater English Novelists . . .	Sept. 30, Oct. 7, 14, 21, 28.
Touro Hall, . . . . . 10th and Carpenter sts.	Frederick H. Sykes . . .	Victorian Poets . . . . .	Oct. 28, Nov. 4, 11.
West Park . . . . . 41st and Westminster ave.	Albert H. Smyth . . .	Shakspeare . . . . .	Nov. 8, 15, 22, 29, Dec. 6, 13.

### CENTRES OUT OF PHILADELPHIA.

CENTRE.	LECTURER.	SUBJECT.	DATES OF LECTURES.
Altoona . . . . .	Clyde B. Furst . . . . .	The Greater English Novelists . . .	Nov. 4, 11, 18, 25, Dec. 2, 9.
Atlantic City, N. J. . . .	Thomas W. Surette . . .	Great Composers: Classical Period .	Nov. 9, 16, 23, 30, Dec. 7, 14.
Birmingham . . . . .	Clyde B. Furst . . . . .	The Greater English Novelists . . .	Nov. 5, 12, 19, 26, Dec. 3, 10.
Chester . . . . .	Henry W. Elson . . . . .	Great Republic in its Youth . . . .	Nov. 1, 8, 15, 22, Dec. 6, 13.
Harrisburg . . . . .	Thomas W. Surette . . .	Great Composers: Classical Period .	Sept. 30, Oct. 7, 14, 21, 28, Nov. 4.
Indiana . . . . .	Clyde B. Furst . . . . .	The Greater English Novelists . . .	Nov. 3, 10, 17, 24, Dec. 1, 8.
Millville, N. J. . . . .	Thomas W. Surette . . .	Great Composers: Classical Period .	Nov. 3, 10, 17, 24, Dec. 1, 8.
New York . . . . .	Henry W. Elson . . . . .	American History . . . . .	Oct. 21, 28, Nov. 4, 11, 18, 25.
New York . . . . .	Henry W. Elson . . . . .	American History . . . . .	Oct. 22, 29, Nov. 5, 12, 19, 26.
New York . . . . .	Thomas W. Surette . . .	Great Composers: Classical Period .	Nov. 8, 15, 22, 29, Dec. 6, 13.
Alliance Hall, 197 E. Br'dway New York . . . . .	Joseph French Johnson . . .	Present Problems . . . . .	Nov. 10, 17, 24, Dec. 1, 8, 15.
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